Digreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of bleſſings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaued and ſullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauie ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bid
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes
Ro. How well my comfort is
Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & her
Either be gone before the watch
Or by the breake of day diſguiſe
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find ou
And he ſhall ſignifie from time t
Euery good hap to you, that cha
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farew
Ro. But that a ioy paſt ioy call
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet, *his*
Ca. Things haue falne out ſi
That we haue had no time to mo
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſma
And ſo did I. Well we were bo
Tis very late, ſheele not come d
I promiſe you, but for your com
I would haue bene a bed an hou
Paris. Theſe times of wo affoo
Madam goodnight, commend m
La. I will, and know her mind
To night ſhees mewed vp to he
Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a d
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe
In all reſpects by me: nay more,
Wife go you to her ere you go t
Acquaint her here, of my ſonn
And bid her, marke you me? on
But ſoft, what day is this?
Pa. Monday my Lord.
Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wen
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday t